

Raised From Perdition by Usiel21

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Summary:

A lone warrior goes to save an innocent soul from the Upside-Down and bring her home One-Shot

Raised From Perdition

1983, The Upside-Down, Hawkins

The man walked through the dark, dank and radioactive dimension, unperturbed by the falling flakes and toxic atmosphere that would poison all beings from the real world, apart from the figure that was foreign to these lands. His steps careful and confident, his eyes slowly observing every detail.

His orders? A simple find and rescue. An innocent soul was trapped here, more innocent than most despite the amount of blood on her hands, just like a righteous man would be in 26 years time, stuck in another dimension of eternal torment. Even their black-eyed inhabitants feared this place, a place where souls feared to tread. Even the creators vision for this place had been twisted beyond recognition.

Yet still the lone man walked on, his vessel, a devout man was also protected by the severely harsh conditions that were to be found here, most creatures of this place gave the man a wide berth, scared by the power they could sense emanating off this being, this new creature in their midst.

Yet some, saw this as an invasion of their territory as the alpha predators, it began to track and seek out this threat, its faceless head twitching as it sensed itself getting close, it was ever hungry, waiting to devour the next creature to step into its path. Specifically the new being.

The man walked closer to its mission, not bothered by the presence he could sense stalking closer to him, he bent to examine the ground to see small shoe footprints on the path before him, he stood and let out a smallest of smiles, his superiors would frown that this small show of emotion. A small rumble came from behind.

The man slowly stood up to his full height, turning around to face this hindrance to his mission. The Demogorgans face widened as it roared at him, The man focused briefly and the shadow of his wings, wide and majestic, projected their shadow behind him, divine

thunder rumbled around them.

The Demogorgan cowered and whimpered in fear at this display of power, beautiful and terrifying to behold and then the wings vanished into the eternal night, the last echo of thunder going with it. But the Demogorgan had regained its ferocity and leaped at the man who with superhuman speed simply sidestepped it and as it lunged past him smacking into a nearby tree, the tree fell with a thud, the Demogorgan reared angrily, its pride had gone down with the tree.

A blade slid down the sleeve of the man and into his hand, a small silver blade at 3 feet in length from handle to tip, he raised it with precision, waiting for the beast to move once more. The monster viciously barrelled towards him, teeth barred ready to rip him apart.

The Blade impaled itself in the beasts upper chest, it screeched in agony at the touch of the foreign metal, the mans free hand was placed upon the creatures head, white, pure light began to pour out the creatures mouth as it was being destroyed by the man's grace, its insides being turned into charcoal, it fell to the ground a lifeless husk in the realm where it once reigned king. The man didn't even bother to glance back, smoke still hissed from the beasts mouth.

The Man came upon a house in a decadent street, the man sense the soul inside and quickened his pace to reach it, as he moved closer something was clearly wrong, several creatures prowled outside, clawing at the wood and concrete trying to get in, they turned their attention to the newcomer, something akin to a jaguar but its head was that of a snake, with yellow eyes that could been seen a fair distance away.

They hissed at him, their attention on the house forgotten about as they faced the man, circling him, surrounding him, dare he risk it? He decided a millisecond later and stretched out his palms, white light shot out from them, destroying the creatures before they even had a chance to make a move.

The man proceeded with beyond the mailbox and into the house, the mailbox if he had looked would have had "The Wheelers" written upon it. The figure began to slowly descend into the basement, to finally complete this mission.

As he reached the bottom his eyes were drawn to the blanket fort across from him, inside lay a small girl, no older than 12 with very short hair, it had grown in the last six months. She barely raised her head, too weak to even fight if the need rose.

He approached attentively. Her eyes opened and finally saw the man stood above her, towering was more the better phrase.

“W... wh... who.....are....you?” the words were barely spoken, her voice broken from not being used

He looked at her sympathetically, crouching close to her level

“My Name is Castiel, I’m an Angel of the Lord” He said stated

“Angel? What is Angel?” she asked confused? “Are you Friend?” she choked out

“Yes, I am your friend” Cass said “I’m here to rescue you”

“Mike, Snowball” she whispered

Castiel’s hand lowered to her forehead, two fingers made contact and she disappeared.

Castiel rose to his feet, A single message was sent to Heaven.

Eleven has been saved.